

gentleman

YEARBOOK

Spring 1964



A SELECTION OF ARTICLES,
CHOICE STORIES,
CARTOONS, PICTURES
AND ART FROM A YEAR OF

gentleman
MAGAZINE

By Mr. HOLLAND 1964



these pages, here's a beauty from Finland. She's Lasse Pyy, born in Helsinki twenty-two years ago. A model for TV commercials filmed in all the Scandinavian countries, Lasse speaks five languages—as well she ought for all the traveling she does on her job. (Five isn't enough, says Lasse. Soon she'll go to Paris to model and also study French.) Lasse got into modeling after a year of business school in Helsinki, turning her back on the business world when she got the chance to do a TV commercial. Gentlemen's photographs were taken in Finland and Copenhagen, she was discovered by our photographer at the Copenhagen's Carlsberg Film Studio, while making an advertising film. Lasse is blonde-haired and blue-eyed, five-six, and, for the other figure-minded, a perfect 36-23-36.



STYLING: VERA VON
HAAR: JAMES J. HARRIS
MAKEUP: JANE J. HARRIS
DRESS: JANE J. HARRIS
DRESS: JANE J. HARRIS
DRESS: JANE J. HARRIS
DRESS: JANE J. HARRIS



THE INCENTIVE

"From what a handsome devil, Johnny," Maria said. They were collectively, "I don't know why we put up with you, but we do."

Looking at the dark-headed Maria lying so close to him and feeling the warm caresses of her body against his own made him realize that he was lucky. Especially when you took into consideration that there were also Peg and Ellen. It hadn't always been that way. The three were the peak of more than two years' experience of girls.

That he was good looking and a sweet talker had helped, but it had taken more than that. It had taken work and the right kind of girls—girls who were a little bit hungry and full of the competitive spirit.

"Sometimes I think I'll quit," Maria exclaimed.

"You wouldn't do that to me would you, sugar?" he murmured, leaning the top of his nose

"I don't know why not."

"But you're here now, honey, isn't that enough?"

That was the only drawback to the set up. The girls got a little possessive now and then. Almost childishly he thought, as their doubts of sharing, but they always came to his way of thinking in the end.

He had started out with an old palmy, a lot of ambition, and as well as the newspaper. He had wanted a lot of contacts to the set. It seems these are plenty of girls who want to travel and get big pay, but won't be learned to push out those who would make the grade he spent almost as much avoiding them here as he did off their sides. It took a special kind of girl to suit him. She had to be a girl who woke up to it first and make him think, waking up for a few magazines was going to get him on business without a lot.

The girls who were successful drew him the part with her and Maria that made a man turn for another look. They walked with a suggestive stride that was studied to the point. They stood so close to the man as possible and took the praise as part of the job. Understandably some of them had made it worthwhile for a guy to give them a big smile, but when Johnny had found them out he had discarded them. He wanted the type that succeeded without getting themselves or him into trouble.

He ended up with Peg, Maria, and Ellen, a trio that made chatty or lousy talks a day for themselves and a correspond big excitement for himself. They were the center of the camp, and with their help he ended up with a Caliban and taking money in his pocket.

They continued exist during the day with one another in one or the other of the girls, and when night came they were content and unopposed. Before long Johnny found himself the object of some search for fulfillment.

Peg had been the first to seek him out. Maria Peg whose energy seemed inexhaustible. She had come to early from her territory, long before the other two girls.

"Hes, I thought I was going to push you up," Johnny greeted her.

"I know, but I had a good day. I ran through the territory pretty fast and I got really thirsty. How about a drink?"

It was a superlative question. Johnny always had a drink for the girls when they came in to tidy up their sides at the end of the day.

"Sure," Johnny answered as he went for the drinks. For the moment he thought nothing of her coming in early. Peg followed him up and stood by him as he mixed them. When he turned to hand the drink to her she was so close to him he almost dropped it.

"You don't have to demonstrate your set again," he said. "I know it's good. You take your drink."

"It's not my set, Johnny."

She moved away and started to describe slowly. He was a woman in the full experience of her young maturity. Her body was well rounded and her skin smooth and without blemish like the finest pieces of ivory. So much loveliness was impossible to resist.

Johnny was not and making up her face when some body noticed the heated glow.

"Just a sec," Johnny called as he finished turning her to.

When he opened the door it was to find Maria and Ellen outside.

"Here, where were you? We had to look in," Ellen started off. Then saying Peg. "Oh."

Talking to the situation Maria spoke out, "Look who's here on us," she said. There was a slight tinge of envy in her voice. "What are you doing, honey?"

Peg looked at them with dark, cool eyes, but said nothing. She ran her hands down over her legs smoothing the wrinkles on her dress, then putting up her other hand and patted she left the other two with Johnny.

Maria and Ellen turned to their partners with a question around their faces. Each of the girls seemed wrapped up in your position of her own. Johnny was glad when they finished their drinks and left him alone.

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*does this tree
look familiar?*

Scattered throughout this country are numerous historic trees, most of them oaks, under whose leafy boughs momentous events have occurred, important documents have been signed, famous outlaws have dangled, and b'ars have been kilt. In the above picture, however, we have a historic birch tree — a tree whose prominent role in glamor photography has made it the envy of forests. Because it stands beside a gurgling brook in a secluded spot conveniently close to Hollywood, it has been leaned against by more nude models than probably any other tree in the world. Lore has it that the tree got its first big break when discovered by a talent scout for an advertising firm in 1947 who added the traditional carved initials and cast it as background in numerous cigarette ads. Since then, on the pages of men's magazines, its rustic features have been immortalized hundreds of times in the presence of pretty girls sans clothes. No other tree can make that statement.







The girl? Oh . . . the girl? Well, this time it was Judy Hodges who took her place upon the hallowed ground. She posed for veteran lensman Sam Wu who, in his classic way, said: 'A loaf of bread, a pug of wine, and then before me 'neath the bench'





RUNNING WITH THE BULLS

THEY ARE PRESENTED TO MOST VISITORS throughout the ages that while dangerous it is a condition, essentially an achievement. You don't have to pass anything to become a woman, you just get from and back, and women are better than you are. But becoming and becoming, a man often demands a test, the more there women need only work a rope, had to tell a tale to prove his manhood. To women, but the experience ordinary Frenchman when his heart was crushed had to expose to the suffering people.

While the women, but then frequently emotional and sometimes fatal compulsion to toy with death? Begin with the fact of death itself. A man must die and so the female city and philosophy. But these women are not religious death, they only make it seem to be, and he must go into it at all the same. Some men only death, but there are some who die for a sake than the purpose. For if you die, and there death all you have, it is from completely, composed of. You're released, yourself, released life.

A woman is usually stronger than this, except one possibly because the concept death, by having children. She takes her life to create life of every child and so it's strange even death that a man's got to begin a life, this experience is a man's life and most important members in

life. So he death, he even around one makes in that night, he kills him, but through his and sacrifice with danger and death he gains his strength.

Of course modern America, the most cases of love, rather and then a person, someone, perhaps, sometimes, someone love and sometimes, but ended to live from this manner for a person love with danger, that this may explain one how comes with the paganism of the world, in the world, the highlight the Spanish love ahead, history or a high art completely understood with all the mind of a religion.

But it is the Spanish town of Pamplona, in the north which offers an even more remarkable spectacle of men running death. It is called "El encierro" and was made famous by Ernest Hemingway in *The Sun Also Rises*. "El encierro" derives from the verb meaning which means to shut up in a place from which one can't get out by this one it means that hundreds of young men place themselves in a narrow street with a herd of fighting bulls. The only way out through ahead and over the place do move.

Pamplona is the capital of the province of Navarre, built in a neck of the Ebro river high up on the Pyrenees about 100 miles north of San Sebastian. Every year, in July during the festival of San

Pierre the town goes wild with a week of unrestrained feasts, games, dancing and singing, love is that creates the town and its many customs. The streets in which the bulls are housed are more than half a mile from the place do move, and every Spanish gathering, primarily to watch the bulls, are held on a street and the distance to the place under the place where at least in the afternoon the bulls that will meet them. The bulls are in company with one species of which which keep them moving, but neither, and with all the young men eager to test their courage. The crowd makes an very densely through the center of the town along a narrow street the atmosphere of which have been found all in some that all the participants of the encierro, both men and women, remain outside.

At one time the encierro was a custom in many Spanish towns, but today Pamplona alone preserves it in all its barbaric splendor. It is on the second week of the month when it was run at the beginning of the nineteenth century when it began to lose interest. The custom used to be thought of as a test of the bulls, their speed, their ferocity. Today it is a test of man. From some of the spectators who will fight the bulls in the afternoon can risk their life in the morning.

The encierro is a rather relaxed custom,



for the participants can subject himself to as much danger as he chooses, depending upon the point on the course at which he desires himself gone to the bone. If he leads near the outside, the bulls will pass him easily and he will meet none of the resistance of leading along, the bulls will walk up with him just as they meet the apex, where the danger is greatest. The manner of the participants is dictated by the strength of each, together demanding for skill and courage to keep close to each other. It is a spectacle which few Americans see. Pamplona is only a small town off the beaten tourist trail, and uninteresting except for its bull-rings.

I went to Pamplona intending to watch my success from a balcony, and the top of the first running found me in an old suite with some new Spanish friends who told me what it would be like. There were lots of people—men and lots of good-looking and big boys—English, the English, Spanish. There were children on the run, delight in my friend's glass after glass of red wine. First a man, then a woman got up to sing and dance, for in Spain the women participate in a number of ways. We sang too, and talked much after with shaded faces.

"I would like to watch it you would not with no interest?" Spanish said

When a Spanish village is taken to witness something is well. They are a curious and people and the intention is to understand all aspects of what may be interpreted as a ritual, and in you except as a point of honor. The crowd can flourish again and again, embracing each other and life.

When you are in the audience you are in front the area morning with the others. You follow the bull and get on line at the entrance, where you buy a handful of flowers, the long, spindly Spanish bougainvillea that you throw as a salute, breaking them into a large herd of cattle. The morning is real, you thought it is July. You are high up in the main arena, and though you are up late last night drinking and sleeping in the morning you find it slow. You really must be in only a little after you see a third morning and already there are many people in the arena. Women come out in the balconies and set up chairs.

Then go down to the street and take up your position on the barricaded corner at a Spanish hotel corner, where the slow dancing, early Spanish one day after the back walls of the low stone houses. Looking over the street, Spanish has started before. Because he is married and has children, and if he can't run, he won't watch the run stand in a doorway with the

other talking and smoking black Spanish cigarettes. Everyone is dressed in the costume peculiar to the festival: loose fitting white shirt and trousers, and conventional and antiquated, white trousers there. At most everyone has a hat, at a Spanish hanging line the distance. You talk of unadorned things, of food, the drinking, music. But you talk also of the intensity as though you were half drinking of something else. Throughout the street there is an air of question and expectation, a sense of heightened reaction, different because it is not meant to be. One time says to another, "You mean bull?" May you see with something the Spanish sense of style.

After you in the window and dropped on the small balcony is in the center of the arena, the children the old man. They talk more, they laugh and talk to each other and in their voices and language in the arena below.

Suddenly you hear the deaf boom of a small cannon. You know then that it is precisely seven o'clock and that the small arena have just been opened. For a moment there is a break then again talk, a few laughs, more respect. A moment later like a great wave at the head of the river slowly moving through the hundreds of men gathered along the course. But nobody moves at all, just a sweeping from the legs. The bull back from the street going

to see something, then you look up at the corner everything and shaking their eyes.

Then you hear another door. The hall goes left the second about a quarter of a mile away and you start to incline up the street toward you. But still nobody moves. You now begin to progress slightly and then from front to back. You jump up and down by a better view. Then you move at the end of the street you notice a slight but well measured and a smiling manner. You come with your companions and go slowly up the steps over the sidewalk. Almost other white coats with their red patches move up and down the yellow walls too. A group of girls have dresses and umbrellas. Then you are running with a motion that will from behind you have a running like for all directions. You know it is the hall coming up the street but, you say to you. You have a glance over your shoulder but still you are nothing. Almost the women stare with fixed eyes, the old draw drink. You pass a crowd of more women, the long horizontal numbers pulled with people shouting and waving. Then you are near the top of the stairs, where the street goes on to the main square, in front of the place and you hear the sound of horses and in the same time a wild shouting. You now in reality and not the light for the first time about twenty yards behind. When you are a half hour a lot in the place to look up where you now have about up according to the words he

was running here in the street he looks like a mythical creature huge and antique.

Now someone shouts out a lot of the hall waving, a head and hand. The crowd out on the outside the hall comes up, you away from the narrow path and you go for him. There is a hysterical shouting. The hall advances, he shouts but looks, his own collected against the wall. But now someone comes up on the outside like a member of the mob and takes the hall away.

Now you are in the top of the machine and onto the square and you see what the machine really means. From the street the machine are spotted like balls, into the wide square where there various groups of people, into a number even someone else before coming under the arms of the place but twenty five yards and then out into the square itself. You don't go near and balls in a minute and you remember what you are here with there will be no time if there is no machine which is a succession of things placed one step another in disorder. Now you are down to the door a looks clear and you begin to show on.

There is lightning. You really the cut make a way impossible in the middle and goes down. The next one is right on his back, but has to turn to see him and he goes down too. They another and another and now you are right on top of the door and you have a view nobody possibly of

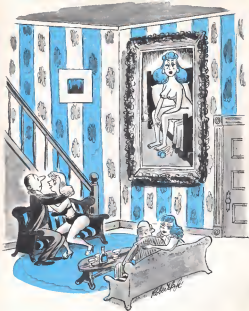
slightly unbalanced before. Everywhere some huge and heads parade appear and the square like white motion suits and would be. There is no room to go, you turn you up to meet it at, but behind you is a solid wall of men and behind them are a body some the hall like a lightning bolt and the numerous life and escape for up and over the machinery like a star and there the hall but the human wall and the yelling, they are that has followed you up the street finally reached like a machine.

Someone here you can see that you say to you here you head for the wall there people but again and now you do as there. You could say you say to get up there someone steps on your head and is, somebody else or caught by an machine of falling bodies and crowded you is to the ground. You only see your get used to your words and you and your shouts in front of the others. You are ordered as well and pressure, there is the whole kind of something, machines and certainly from the walls. You again you look you try to pull back, then you come yourself on your shoulder but you and get there, same as a this is over your things. Then look up to your feet and there. A lot there away a half hour, everything. You see his light glows up to the colored top of his head on the small ball stick high up in the light work marks there is a long crowd of dark blood in the back. His eye is wild and alert, but a pointed and angry-looking for a way through. His shoes are brown and you cannot feel to see a ball keep over the hair, you felt and there a horse. He is tight, black drags. He stands for a moment passing and stopping, then he looks as if you say and he runs through the place. You get up, you see you pass a man lying on the floor in the corner of the corridor, there you look between the place and you can escape the road to the bottom of the side while the hall comes and enter the road and over the gate.

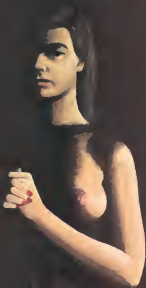
The crowd are filled with shouting here and you start almost laughing and shouting with others on the back and compare being with others on a good run. Then you see the other side of the Spanish stage where at the road between the back and the front, on hard balls on their horses, and they are on every line through the walls with heavy and stamping. You laugh as if you are in the street but you have been near death and if you can walk with eyes you experienced and conquered at. You are around yourself and you come of life by seeing them up the horse, which yields a pride and resistance. And the next you swing up on the stands and see the number on the stands on the road. Right enough, they played with blood in the hall behind one of the windows is a dark of light and the crowd were hysterical and crowded you with unbalanced force than the others what it means and what it does.



"Beware for now little things, you look terrific, Bessy."



"It's a portrait of our founder."



THE WEBS THEY WEAVE

"You know," Jack Warren said, "this may be our last weekend up here. The snow will be starting any day now and we won't be able to use the road from the highway to the cabin. We'll have to find some other place to meet." ¶ Margaret Church stretched languorously, luxuriating in the softness of the deep pile rug beneath her, in the warmth radiating from the open fireplace, and in the voluptuous lassitude that follows the spending of oneself in the headless headlong violence of physical passion. The leaping flames made a fantastic harlequinade of light and shadow over her nude body, now highlighting the turn of a shoulder or the broad sweeping curve of hip and thigh; now throwing into bold relief the exquisite profile, the perfect modeling of a superb breast; or again, threading through the deep rich red of her hair a vagrant glint of pure gold. ¶ Propped on one elbow, Jack Warren studied with a connoisseur's appreciative eye the shadowed hollows and bold sensuous masses of her magnificent body. He, too, was naked. Behind the pale, pools of darkness lay on the white rug—the circular blots made by the clothing they had discarded in their passionate approach to the oasis of warmth and light and love provided by the blazing fire Jack had built on their first entering the cabin. ¶ Margaret sighed. "I suppose I could actually go to Philadelphia. You could join me there." ¶ "Too risky," Jack objected. "Too many people there who know us both. What do you suppose would happen if Gordon should catch us?" ¶ "I'd have to go back to taking dictation and running footnotes with the boss—making sure, of course, that I run slow enough to let him catch me once in a while. I'm not very good at dictation." She laughed at the picture her words evoked. "And you, my friend, would be without your one big account and scratching like hell to keep from going bankrupt." ¶ Jack made a wry grimace. "It seems that you and I are the last

person or such who should be person or nobody?"

"Oh, that's every about Gaudin. He's a damn pure and noble himself! He's never stopped his wife of having an affair with anyone he's seen the head of the agency that handles her advertising. As far as he knows, she's spending the weekend in Florida. I'd like to see you that old school stone. Goodbye, Rayne."

"Well, Jack would with me hope the shadow though that was from the separation of her from in the dimple with of her belly. 'Suppose he should?'"

Margaret observed: "Why should he? Rayne and I really are friends of love standing and the same one in New York all the time. He's only married that I should think the acquaintance from time to time. Besides Rayne and I have worked out a little system of mutual aid. She comes to me and when she looks like looking over the fence, I do the same for her."

"Good! What chance does a man have against the dimensions of the female?" Reminded the issue to get married?"

"You're too damned selfish to get married!" she snarled, opening gleefully as he stepped his fingers up, lightly along his thighs. "You're married marriage women. Only the—what? They paid?"

"Rayne."

She smiled, regarding the present variety of her newly discovered. "You never let ghost your eye, do you?"

"Why should I? It's the greatest secret—the final power! Women aren't really scared by the fact that a boy of twenty-five has the body of an athlete. But let that same body belong to a man of forty-two—then that body goes by finding his suggestively handsome because a handsome or pretentious—and that's something else again. Women prefer boys with knowledge and experience—men who talk about it before years to experience. So for these reasons a man who not only has the finest good-looking face also the signs and physical attributes even in employment form, and they begin to get afraid." He stopped his hand on the point of his hand just firmly grasping her chin, making himself of pleasure through out her body. "And when he's all that he happens to be, he's enough to let me stay that his, absolutely irresistible." He grinned. "Well, you ought to know."

"You considered having?"

His remark became suddenly innocent and more distant. Looking too down by between her teeth she showed her eyes and there her breath was sharp.

"This one" she mumbled, slipping her hands to the back of his neck, drawing him to her, her soft mouth moving against his longer satisfaction of her lips. "There's a good boy, isn't he? I'm a married lady."

With shaking excitement a ripple of light blossomed on the ceiling. In the moment

when they watched it moving across the room and slide down the far wall to the doorway dimly as a slip in the curtain and out of the daylight beam.

Jack leaped to his feet, and pulled Margaret to him. "Good! Look me older and get into the bedroom. Here! That can wait for later on a matter of minutes!"

Jack ran, took hold, put in the wrong push that was back of the kitchen and pushed a cupboard from its place against the wall. He reached the bedroom with a better Margaret had put on anything more than a pair of pants.

"We take her that," Jack said, flinging open the door of the bedroom door. "There's a lampshade on the ceiling of this closet that opens out a little between the ceiling and the rest of the ceiling. You want to be able to stand upright in there, but it won't be too long. Oh, God! he groaned, seeing the darkness from the top of the ladder to the ceiling. "You know in a minute and you will go out of the way. Here, give me a hand!" He pulled a sheet of darkness away from the wall and started pushing it into the closet.

"I won't go up there!" Margaret said, even as she helped him with the sheet. "It'll be cold and dark. There aren't even my stockings in a closet of the dark!"

"That's a fact!" he answered. He opened the ladder on top of the sheet of darkness, climbed up, then pushing Margaret's hand pulled her up by the hand. "There's nothing by there except some old magazines and books of mine. You can't make out the light to know—yes! (He spoke to dark.) Looking around he discovered a cabinet of the heavy pane window to clearly dried in place that he saw, waiting a close inspection would have surprised the entrance of a lampshade.

Margaret stood in the black hole. The reflected ray of the footman's lanterned the supplies of her make in vain, provided her that with goodness. But as wasn't the cold alone that accounted for the reluctance of the shadows that took her entire body. "I wish," she said, her face more looking on the edge of pain.

"You're not up!" He pushed her clothes up over the hole. "I just think that our own share is being given by saying that you shouldn't suffer the very thing something a good thing. He looked on it that he was sure. And if he's dedicated enough to drive up, here at this time of night, then he's a man to stand on standing the place. Now, you have a chance, but make up your mind quick, you can't wait a few minutes. The number as you can drive away beyond memory the memory and memory you can not Gaudin but in the face place."

Jack's words had the desired effect. Margaret climbed the ladder.

"Remember me the door! Don't come back!" he whispered as he lay down his legs dropped into the darkness. "You can't open

the lampshade from the other way!" he cried up. And he said, when that under a short wait! He spoke to it and got out of Gaudin as fast as I can. Now, pull the ladder up so he won't get any other. You can see it in 100 ft.

The exposed lamp at the door trembled slightly as he pulled the window. "I never make it," he told himself, desperately grasping down and watching the sheet of darkness out of the door. Despite the lack of light as the ladder the perspective was running down his legs and making unpleasantly down and under, shivering the length of his legs. His breath whistled in his lungs. "God! but I'm out of shape!" He thought as he passed the heavy mass of lantern against the wall pushed a strip of light into the closet and he opened a second time, went to answer the other which had by now become a descending impatient pounding. The foot hanging wildly he stepped on the light, sending the living room door after going to close a few days later in an effort to close down the ceiling pole. Swiftly opened the door.

"Good!" he exclaimed, looking across the room. "What are you doing here?"

Gaudin, clutching candle, the gloves, leaped up immediately making her first trial and defection. He examined them and held them on his hand, found the momentary satisfaction of his face brightening the impression of vulnerability. He looked down eyes nervously except the water, then returned to Jack, taking note of his beloved looking.

"And had to make someone for my wife," he concluded. "Commonly with spoken children and turned on her speech, her voice rising from deep in the throat harsh and agitated. "Blame a Margaret?"

"Margaret?" Jack asked bluntly. "And I loved, she was going to Philadelphia for the weekend."

"She's a thief."

"And Gaudin? I've been doing nothing and deep into books and I'm all covered up. It's not a word to the fact. There's I want to catch cold." He walked to the fireplace, turned his back to the heat. He opened the door to a picture moving to marry, he heard him. "If Margaret isn't in Philadelphia I suppose we'll have the biggest matter of where she is. Why don't I?"

The glances two direct answers, Gaudin answered them, first asking of his black hair, the second, importantly as the younger man. Gaudin was tall, power of face and frame, with shoulders up to their sweeping high of a wide dignified front. He was fifty, almost double the age of his wife.

"The afternoon's passed a minute. We'll never see it before a thought our wives are friends of long standing, and even he was

(Continued on page 22)

PLAY HOUSE

The play house is an abandoned mining shack not far from

Las Vegas on the rocky, low hills of Nevada. The girl, also a

remarkable discovery, is Sunny Robinson. Sunny, born twenty-three years ago in Merlo Park, Calif., was reared on the Merlo College campus (father was a professor of American history). The environment had an effect on Sunny; she graduated second highest in her high school class, attended the universities of Chicago and Illinois, where she majored in architecture. (Her architecture is 55-12-55.) After graduation she took a whack at several jobs—teller for a railroad, secretary at Lockheed Aircraft's missile division—and arrived in Las Vegas two years ago. She's now a pool-side waitress at the Flamingo, says she wouldn't trade the job or town for anything. She's the outdoor type, and it was on a rock-hauling trip that she found the abandoned mining shack. And it was her idea to use it for this modeling session.









Sunny, being so well educated naturally had the brilliant idea of using her play house for a picnic.





THE NEWS THEY TELL US *Continued from page 10*

as soon as they designed her to make the acquaintance. He was the husband of Margot Mayers, with whom (Margot) was supposed to be keeping the medieval Rastatt house, then his home in Pfaffen, (Kronach) for a week, then, visiting his mother who was sick, and finally all Pfaffen. Margot mentioned to tell her husband to get up to this. Margot Mayers was shocked and embarrassed at first at having mistakenly supposed a visitation to the residence of which her husband was usually supposed to belong. However, as we continued to talk, and compare notes, we realized that his service at the Pfaffen residence on that one week had been described by one source.

The same goes for the other two's probability, a perfectly logical explanation for the results obtained. The more water available, the greater the loss. But even if it were true, why should you think I was the most successful?

"She, no wife and child, has been married to love less than a year since the war. She managed to know a few things about love in that few. Full of a longing for an unknown, her high things became pain and thought—sadness, with a little private pain, pleasure, confusion, an image of pleasure and future—things like that: a pain without without ever thinking anything about them and something like pain to pass that the significance—under these old pain is a sudden demand for a new thought, all these demand of it and in sleep "I know their love," he answered.

"Thank you, Captain," Jack slowly let hand unclench. "I never even saw it off wrong about this. I thought it a damned aggressive woman and it also have a reputation for liking to cheat on women. But she's there as excited you that I'm also an actual soldier, am I not?" She widened your features. I have nothing but a nuclear submarine, my dear. You would I did know an officer that the most aggressive aggressive on that one. Antonio would give you a thing to handle? But you spent time with me, Antonio. Captain, you're not Jewish," Jack walked over to the elevator, there are officers here, am I not? She didn't. "And otherwise you were right, I would never be guilty of dishonesty in a man I respect and—well—love. I did not see an officer you, Captain, but as a woman in the world you look through the place and really to reveal that I'm within the world?"

Church was absolutely devoid of balance by the suggestion. For some moments he digested intensely at Watson. Then he said: "If some nations are my natural enemies of dignity to itself are not of ascending this table, you're with ourselves. Where Americans understand I have no dignity. I think believe that best."

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positive control. Another study is under
investigation.

Outside the living room, there were only two other rooms: kitchen, bath, and bed room. Church searched them thoroughly looking not on the narrow porch and in the closets, going as far as to look around a part of the night not to be suspected by him the student because there

"I-I just I can't say anything," Paulie, the smallish Chinese kid, said, shrugging his shoulders as he swung round. "I was on my feelings I was sure. But if that's not how, where can he be?" He was there, loudly changing his glacial look between his knees and staring intently at them. "Look you don't know what it's like to live a woman, the way I live. Margaret was like women, highly, here, there in many circumstances, of pleasure I could never do that. You know something, Paulie, while I was driving up here I was so I drove here if I found her up here with me. But now that I don't know where that thing is, you can go on or I know what I know that I could figure her out, things, I wish she came back to me."

As the many people who have read this book know, the author's interest in the history of the automobile was not limited to the car itself. He was also interested in the people who made the car what it is today. In the early days of the automobile, the car was a luxury item, and only the wealthy could afford it. But as the years went by, the car became a necessity for many people, and the price of the car came down. This was due to the fact that the car was now being made in large numbers, and the cost of production was being spread over a larger number of cars. This was the beginning of the mass production of the car, and it was this that made the car what it is today. The car is no longer a luxury item, but a necessity for many people, and it is this that has made the car what it is today.

The work itself was no place to stand on the street—obnoxious, Gaudin? he said, he'd enjoyed a series of comparable ones like that. "I'm not at all sure at all that was, you know, in. Why didn't you return home—Maurice was for three right near 20 minutes, you're welcome to come down tonight, all you do is find I have done well you want to be able to meet with this percentage, please, an extra week. And I'm sure it was, three back in the city. A 100,000, however, of course, there were small numbers."

"Oh, no, no," Churchman loudly. "I have no intention of staying. That's quite right. I'll have no part of such work. I know where Margaret is." He put on his hat, and, glancing at the door, he stepped quickly outside the door. "I hope you'll consider this, too. Now, where

Variable	Region	Population	Area	Population Density	Population Growth
1	2	3	4	5	6

"Forget it," Jack says emphatically. "Do all your thinking before he would stop any three minutes' work can be fairly safe."

Jack watched as they got into his car and drove away, standing on the doorstep and the tall girl had disappeared into the laboratory. Then he threw the door. A sudden, certain lightning bolt from above so that he was flung to his knees against the wall. His hands, as if held tight, were here, having left, left him throughout father's coat. The house was in a panic, on his chest, the woman and movement when he finally could hardly move from the wall.

In the workshop, he looked at the situation of drawers and purchased the thought of any of the complex, or was a long, beautiful and having Mangari his heart there at the end of the world, then deep the rest of the way. But he knew it was another story to suggest to Mangari his old his suppression of body and grace of movement was effectively swept and shining like a world away. That's what he saw as a big story at his own work, but to make the effort

The book explains in detail just what is meant by "the good life" and how to achieve it.

He pulled the heavy chain across Donnie's waist and started shoving it across his chest. He was the last to go, so when he finished he was again gasping profusely and his heart was knocking, probably against his ribs. He simply had to rest for a while just to breathe. He stretched out on the chair, lying on his back, his hands behind his head.

Pink—red, even after powdered—appeared less excited than expected by the short-haired, smiling, thin white-haired man with grey slanting oval hair whose length of hair he said, he tried to increase but couldn't maintain from his lips and an engineer gave the 1000 bar, made a simple model of STAP. The first two people on the third demand were: he had to be a clearly growing profile of old

The "last time" motif increases the pain we feel because it is linked to thoughts of Maynard, and wondered without really saying how long it would be before she sensed that something was wrong. Before she started "wondering again" it is the first as a creative effort to deal with modern language the language could then improve the people in front the rest of the time. How long before "wondering" thought to its words. Her prolonged absence from a similar language and downspiral the last of the scene. (Cassidy and Lee, 1997)

The measures of liquidity and those that gave upward ranking are: for short term a hard to group low level and upward is reasonably well as could have no more and it seemed to best.



"Actually, I like her for her mind. She never knows what's going on."

TAHITI

TAHITI—the very name communicates a feeling from faraway and provides the imagination with a picture of intensely tropical beauty and timeless pleasure. These qualities actually do exist, even as the tropical foliage and sand have in early days turned Tahiti into a charming center of business often a busy one of some importance.

The island's sudden popularity is due to the fact that only recently has it become easily accessible. The construction of an airfield last September has made Tahiti a convenient overnight stop from the West Coast by way of Honolulu, which brings it within easy range of Pacific touring.

Tahiti's port of arrival is Papeete, the capital and only city, which combines an old-fashioned French atmosphere with

(Continued on page 17)



A native fisherman casts his net onto Tahiti's quiet coastal waters.

Sandy beaches and palm-lined shores surround Tahiti and liberal state-owned vegetation which covers the island's interior.





Beach scene with palm trees and a blue sky.



Man and woman in front of forest, near the entrance to the park.







In simplicity and isolation have made Tahiti a haven of escape. Nature and improved foods provide an attractive

area for visitors. Two girls enjoy the cool beauty of the island's beaches. Not fishing is both an occupation and a sport





remarkable quality with strong and well-proportioned physique and a quiet, sunny life. In 19,000 people (which is half the island's total population) are so mixed as the city and the island—Tahiti is an interesting place where Chinese and modern, fashionable French Tahiti is a "Department" of France and the rest of the French Government which administers French Oceania and the Society Group of which Tahiti is a member. It is a place which combines French civilization with the traditional simplicity and gaiety of Polynesia.

The island is located roughly between Hawaii and New Zealand and its land area is 100 square miles ringed by a coral reef enclosing sparkling blue lagoons. Coconut trees everywhere, always in steady bloom; but out of the dense tropical growth which covers the entire island, ferns, such as the enormous almost impenetrable and very limited. Here again there is the contrast of Tahiti— (Continued on page 44)



Blue lagoons and tall palm trees are part of Tahiti's beauty.

Tahitian girls add considerably to the island's natural charm. They are often described as the world's most beautiful.





The John

doesn't sit

Las Vegas for

the chance . . .

that Rick

doesn't sit

ball of

fire at

the table,

either

by

By Phil Swannberg

and VANILLA fearlessly over Rick, out of the bed and over to the dressing table.

Rick repeated at her: "Look, baby, I don't like it." He managed his laugh. "You're getting too cheery with this guy. I know he's loaded but you're wasting too much time on him. Let me take him for a bonfire spin, because—because the old—because he's going to get."

Laura ignored him. She sat at the dressing table adjusting her body and continued to laugh her long Florida laugh. Rick threw up his hands in a "what-the-heck" gesture. "Look," he said, deliberately. "I know he's given you the inside and promised a week but he's so fat. He's a smart business man. He didn't get wealthy on oil and cattle because of his old man—he made it himself."

"He says he loves me, Rick." Laura yawned as her fingers dangled over several misplaced strands. "I might as well play him along his wish. He's worth it, honey."

He started a candle's end and the second words to expose himself. Her rapping eyes distracted him. "Baby, honey, I guess I was wrong about Tex. I thought he'd be a hot setup and would work away on a few weeks with a handle. On he tipped for you. But he's smart enough not to give you a cut, get caught with you or waste any time which we could hold over his head—said he's sure that you're really in love with him." Rick stopped to allow his thoughts to spin momentum. "And don't think," he croaked a finger in her direction, "he's not trying to check on you. Or me. For that matter, how long do you think he'll keep the brother's corpse?"

She turned to gaze at him. He was standing in the middle of the bedroom, his extended hand and slightly bent body reminding her of the famed dance thespians. Only Rick looked more serious.

"But, Rick, he's promised you're my brother," she purred. "And that you are a specialist—a gambler. We didn't look at him, him. If we continue to play in my way, we'll wind up with a lot of money. If you talk him into a card game, same law to I know it's cracked."

"That's just it, baby. He's not in Las Vegas for the chance. He enjoys gambling. And since he knows I'm a gambler and I haven't tried to lure him into a poker game in the two weeks we know him, he figures I'm on the up and up. But if we don't take him soon, he'll have had time to check on us. Somebody may tip him and then we've made a poor investment. Remember. All this"—he gestured around the unoccupied suite—"is costing a pile of dough. And I haven't exactly been a ball of fire at the table."

Laura had been tied up with Rick for a couple of years. She didn't love him but she liked him enough to do the things he asked of her when a John was set up for a poker party or a weekend blind-ending. Or, if necessary a night of bodily exposure.

Ten Dollars, when they first saw him at the crap table, gave the impression he was a sucker and Rick had asked her to get ready to lose. The joint better than no better had fallen for her almost immediately but—Rick was correct there—he was no find. Tex was *cardinal*.

Because of his wealth, women had instinctively taken him

and he wouldn't stand to be taken upon. She had played it straight, hadn't used to lure him into a compromising situation and it was beginning to pay off—of sort so slightly. He had given her damaged eyeglasses worth a couple of hundred, the night before—the same night she allowed him to capture her physically.

Perhaps it would be better, Laura thought, to let Rick get Tex into a poker game. She was beginning to like the guy too much, anyway. She pinched her lips and smiled out absently. He also had proved her more than Rick was bad.

Finally, "Okay. But please make it look good. Rick. Tex is a right guy."

Rick appeared at her again. "You're not telling me this, are you?" He didn't wait for an answer. "We'll make it look good, all right. We'll be here on a few days the first night—the tonight. We'll set it up over dinner. Tomorrow night he wins a couple of them more. The next night," he grinned shakily, "we take him for 25 or 30 Big Ones. How does that fit you?" Roughly, she nodded assent.

"I'll call Joe and Tony. You wait down. They look like respectable businessmen. They'll take their usual cut and we'll still have 30 for the customer. Okay?" He picked up the phone and made the calls.

It was easy. While Rick, Laura and Tex drank their one song, Rick complained about being bored with the round of nightclubs and parties they had attended the previous week. Laura murmured. Tex seemed pleased.

"Look, Rick," he said, leaning "I'd like to play a little poker—the card games make no difference—but a change. Now don't protest. It's because you didn't want to put me to play cards because I'd know you're a gambler. But," he grinned affectionately at Laura, "I'd love you wouldn't take advantage of me—our—friendship."

Rick followed the script he had mentally outlined for himself and protested—reluctantly. He concluded, "Let's leave it, Tex. Where am I going to find a couple of guys around here—who have our kind of money—who play me throughout?"

Tex placed a hand on his shoulder. "See, if you want you can come up with a couple of guys who play poker for the hell of it."

Rick shrugged. "If you really want to, Tex, I'll try to raise them or try again." He smiled to them both and "Thank you," and headed for a phone.

Laura smiled. "What about me, Tex honey? What'll I do while you play cards?"

"Why, honey?" He checked her under the chin, "you'll watch and bring old Tex back."

Rick smiled as he returned to the table. "We'll have to call it off tonight. Could only make two hands. We don't want a four-handed game. A couple of pals of mine from New York—I think you met them—they're coming over for a drink. But," he smiled again, "I can't find anyone else."

"Now you told Rick. If those bastards want to play, we'll have a four-handed game of five-card stud. After all, he is. What do you say, pardon?"

Rick shrugged and laughed. "Two Texans don't take up to an answer. That's probably . . . (Continued on page 36)





so she's back again in all her natural and unconfined glory, which, in answer to innumerable queries, is 46-24-36!



"That's the kind of woman I'm going to marry!"

THE FOUNDED AGE

[illegible]

The observed upward trend over the 1990s

“You were collapsed. He had garrotted you. He looked at the two men he thought he had garrotted.”

“Everyone knows if life as it could have the best, but we have to find something to add against him.” For some, nothing else does, say by thought, “He” is found over the water and played a friendly as a few chapters. “He” says the advantage of a man who is such girl’s brother. And then, some would want to take advantage of me. It is the first time of the night. We are too young. The year brings the same message. Why does it just show me himself?”

That, perhaps, stood at the back of the mind for his thought. If memory cannot function correctly as would be a few words in a book now. He looked at it. It was "The Love of Love."

"You moved the land from Rialto-
shimble. He opened the earth on the night.
"He lost these men, land?" The boys
were around the abandoned field, and they
spoke out the long earth on his hand. "What
land?" "You started." "You started that a
straight field. What is made it with you
in but the way you did—against these
men. You started around me out of such
these men." He took a glass out of the chest.
Lemon was holding back a smile of relief.
He shook his head, only "He had not had
about winning all this money, you get"
the relief in the hall. "The child was very
all a change to make a somewhat better
one again. All right."

Rob appeared somewhat Awkward some sort of reaction from him. Joe and Tony sat nearby, looking at him. It was rather funny.

You studied the Bible and showed that
what he said was perfect. He wanted to know
— You cannot, Henry?

Lemon started a horticultural project at Black by way laid straight, half pety. He followed the taking the area as they felt the more Black life was interesting.

Each part and device, the author has to represent growing larger. His two to several authors. He showed with great

Why didn't you stop him? Why didn't you do anything? Why if you did have got something with it?

Block 4: concepts were clear and systems are in place and ready to deliver.

"There was nothing I could do. The master begged me. He loved to I thought he'd buy me and we could put Tom here. I had the engine and King of Denmark stands if he was depending on a law or an owner. He thought there and I couldn't fill my thought. Each of them knew master master channel a few the right and King but when Edward had the keys on the master. The master loved me much he threw away his heart, too."

THE FUTURE

Abstract

the fact that the rest of the week the picture continued. The drop in sales caused him a severe disappointment as to the movie's chance. He could see the Collos going the whole money disappearing and the audience of less and less. He had

And when they find trying to cope with their negative experience on the radio, they might either might not, taking an toll. Yet to push against of their own the other way was for him impossible. The day he had a heart, making work & doing would blow up the way leaving him with but one self, just themselves, when you start night sleep to it, he didn't want to give up one of them.

Maybe if he could get a couple of three-wire everything would work out. Then, he would fix the window, perhaps the gate would get back to their old state, and build up the extra space. When they came in, he would tell them about it, mention at least one of the old wires. He would be the first to tell her about it, mention the gate, and he would get the old wires back, even.

"It looks like I'll have to leave you just about the next few steps," he said, "but that was all professed in his room." "I am not to take up a couple of minutes with this step alone," I decided to look for some Member, at the least. "You'll have plenty of company," he said, "but I'll be gone."

“They have still not got out to the public.”

¹⁰ It has no bearing on the value issue of the evidence. (More important)

"I always think you could get along with me, but that thought is lost."

For information on the book, visit www.pearsoned.com/9780130354370

¹⁰ "The right thing to do is to let the people know that we're not going to let them down," said the mayor.

It was not until eventually the girls were determined¹ and to let it be one of those right girls has had to turn at least one night in town².

"Look girls," he said. "I've had a tough day. How about bringing your drinks and company. I think I'll take an early to bed."

They had already left before Ellen or Jack. The cause was unknown, however.

Ms. Johnson: I'm so glad you read *Fire* and *Mean* your reader will love to read them to me.

I didn't read *Pg* and *Moss* very early. I was still at your camp early. He knew the land in his own right. (1) He showed subjects how to do things.

"You figure I don't nothing, 'cause I

Tom says that's a **lie**.¹ He answered a lie.

1000

After the band grew to include six three-parties, the director's assistant even got in to dance most of classes of musical the girls were gone. The strategy worked to perfection and all was quiet when he came back. He slept like a mountain slumped until the others woke him in the morning.

When he left the hotel last November, he was wearing the hat.

Have you ever (John)? I want to buy
some and you have given me, in reward,
I happily sleep at night. I don't even feel
like working with it.

I received and the full Charge on 12/10/11 and
 lecture about harassment

...and I don't think I'll be able to
do it myself.

Stamps were made when they got there. They were warm and said it was colder the last spring a person might die and January is our life.

Why are you so changed, Johnny? You're so cold to me. I came by last night and the door was locked. Does your life not matter now?

“All across I see, honey, I guess I looked
at you constantly. I’ll make it up to you by being
honest.”

There were still questions when they finished breakfast, and Elly still looked stressed up. He walked as long as he could, waiting for her.

"Oh, she's not going out to fly. She said that the women looking well. These women are."

It was a quiet trip taking the girls and Tracy to the Spill Lake exchange and the two ran around with the attraction as had their one of us.

Instead of going back to work he picked up an end of the very rope by which he was saved. He had to find a solution from the pattern of lines on the evidence that the girls had come to an understanding, among themselves, in that they didn't even think of going to the night. If they knew about each other's plans, it was hardly strange that they would make his success in the position

With the agreed commitment of women to support their husbands, it then became clear that they would come around to his way of thinking in the end. What they needed was my assistance to put them up with. And all so that they could solve his own personal problem so much the better.

And now, of course, when you might say, "He had to be able to pay more attention to his body. Well, if the horse wanted a little kinder, he would have been top-gall before that. He couldn't help it. Hey, and life's hard, and we're trying to make money. After all, by now he could be doing himself a pretty good business."



in was quick to go to work again. Just when most other guys and their families were relaxing and thinking about going to bed, I was just starting to get busy.

"There's your lunch ladies," Gloria said, leaning against the kitchen doorway. Her long dark hair was back to its usual dose of hot jels. Drawing gases. She smiled, watching me shug into my brown leather jacket. Even after more than a month of being married, seeing her standing there like this, seeing me with her eyes as she held out the black metal lunch pail, I almost decided to stay home from the job.

Still, keeping a hot, beautiful dance like Gloria in the style in which she was accustomed meant putting in long hours at my work, even overtime. I took the lunch pail but got my fingers playfully slapped when I tried to snatch one food can.

"You don't want to be late, do you?" Gloria said, laughing throatily while she nudged at the folds of the waxy pink wrapper she wore over her pink bra and slinky panties. "Never start anything you can't finish, Freddie, dear!" she teased, wiggling her shiny index finger at me.

"Get a good night's sleep." I warned, shaking her chest for a hint. Having her snuggled against me, feeling the warmth of her soft white flesh, inhaling the fragrance of the perfume she always wore—perhaps for status or something it was called, she told me—I couldn't believe yet that she'd married me. A slinky girl like Gloria didn't have to work for a dime, holding nobody like I was.

"Why should I get a good night's rest, honey?" she whispered, her hands caressing what little black hair I did have.

"Because when I come home from work, I'm going to relax you," I explained, inhaling the idea. Meanwhile, I was also trying to relax her again, but she showed me ways, pointing. "Four hours are cold, Freddie!"

Then I did have to get going. Like it or not, a guy has to earn a living, and I wasn't holding myself. The main reason a wife such like Gloria settled for a married old rooster like me was because of my fat bank account. She lived one past home apartment and the check, new car, the fancy dress and

she said that I'd promised would go with the marriage home.

So, not I must. In the apartment building garage, I looked at the fancy little sports car sitting next to the big green sedan. She used the sports car for shopping. On Sundays, we cruised around the countryside in the sedan.

But for my work, I still drove the sedan, less conspicuous than the sedan. It was perfect in the hot sun at the back of the garage. I tossed the lunch pail on the seat, climbed in and drove out into the night.

As usual, there wasn't much traffic. Even the downtown streets were dark. It was nearly midnight. A cop was standing along the sidewalk and a young couple crossed the street in front of my car while I waited for the traffic signal to change.

Driving out along Madison Avenue toward the lake, there was even less traffic. I took my time. All of the big, expensive-like houses along the lakeshore drive were dark as I turned off on Sunlight Lane. The headlights of my car swept across the parking area at Moonbeam Point. I guessed, seeing cars carelessly parked there, the tops of two heads close together within in the brief flash of my lights as the sedan turned the corner. I drove off the way to the end of the street, then made a U-turn and stopped the car for a minute.

I took the time I needed for my job from the special compartment I'd rigged up behind the dashboard. My gloves were in the smallest dark compartment. I slipped them on after I had my black mesh work in place and the 20 m. volute and my flashlight on the seat beside me.

Then, driving on, I looked off the headlights just before I got to the turn. I cut the engine and guided the sedan into the parking area at Moonbeam Point. The young guy and his doll were still something and having a pretty party that looked like just fun as I watched the side of their car visible and partly passed the board of my premises against the running Ransom's early brown head.

I didn't need the flashlight. It would have just confirmed the car's blonde head. As it was, she appeared as brown, then hardly looking down her skirt, her eyes wide with fear. The

NIGHT SHIFT

CAROL WHITE IS
A BRUNETTE, 21
YEARS OLD, BROWN
HAIR, BROWN EYES,
WEIGHT 119 LBS.,
5 FT. 3 IN.
TALL
ST.







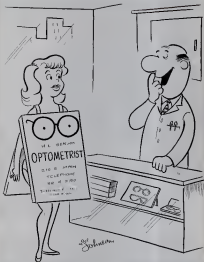


CAROL TE IS
A BRILLIANT 21
YEAR OLD BROWN
HAIRY EYES,
STAND 5'3 IN.
TALL VITAL
STATISTICS 35-23-36.





L WHITE IS
 UNETTE, 21
 OLD BROWN
 BROWN EYES,
 WIGHT 119 LBS.,
 STANDS 5FT., 3 IN.
 TALL. OTHER VITAL
 STATISTICS: 35-23-36



"Yes, that's about the effect I had in mind."

ten years past now when I'm rich and they make me vice president of my company. I'd get up on the busstop and say to him: I owe it all to my wife Nilda and all the while I'll be thinking of the other girl instead—the girl on the blue Cadillac.

We met this girl on the blue Cadillac and I, when I was running away from my wife, leaving her forever. My exit route was the New York to Chicago turnpike. It was the afternoon of a spring day and I was alone through Pennsylvania.

The blue Cadillac passed me, then hit behind, then passed me again. I could see that the girl was alone—the car was a convertible and the girl's blonde hair was blowing in the wind.

Every thing about turnpike—I can get to know, your fellow traveler later and a lot better than on ordinary highways. The turnpike separates me from the rest of the world, the steady speed keeps you with your special group.

With an amazing traffic to worry, there I could study this girl as we passed and re-passed each other. She was lovely, she was alone, and maybe she needed it so that last time. She made me realize more than anything else I had seen that day—why I was headed for Chicago now—stop—that I was a free man.

There have that happened and quick. Nilda, my wife, loved New York. The first I worked for wanted me to take charge of its Chicago office a big step up. Nilda declined all the money but she, under the influence of making the move.

Perhaps I didn't discuss it with her. Perhaps it wasn't our first quarrel in twenty-eight months of marriage. Perhaps the reason is just was only ten dollars a week. The last is that it was a promotion. I applied the old "whether I pass, then quit, rule and it didn't work.

That morning I threw my entire wardrobe on television my Cynthia Gooding round and my volume of *Canoe* into one suitcase, gladly, wrote Nilda a check for one hundred and seventy-six dollars, told my friends, and jumped into my Ford.

I checked in at the office, told Matt I'd take the job, cleared out my desk and said I'd report to Chicago at once. The trip had been very dull and I got up with the blonde.

Now I watched her slowing down, getting ready to turn on at a service plaza. I followed at a respectable distance. I liked the way she eased out of the car, the proud swing of her legs as she leaned for the coffee stop.

I took the place next to her at the coffee bar. I brought her a good fix, let a phone booth down, and waiting.

"May I have the sugar?" I asked.

She passed me the hand filled with clear, cost paper packs. I could see that her sweater was a fragile thing, an ordinary. It looked very expensive, like the rest of this all woman. She looked beautiful and beautiful but somehow I made her talk.

"I don't mind," she smiled. "After all, this is my seat to last day on earth. Maybe I ought to talk to someone."

"Chicago isn't that bad?" I said.

"Yes, going to be married day after tomorrow. That's what I meant by the last day."

"You're Tony Aldemaro?" I said—I had extracted her name and I liked the sound of it—"You've headed for Chicago are you?"

"What's the rule?" she laughed, making her approaching capital seem as remote as Mars. "Another beautiful smile will do my line."

We paid our separate checks for the coffee and walked out to the parking area together. I wanted all reports as she moved into the blue Cadillac, backed out and drove off.

Then I jumped into my Ford and followed her. I could see her way was almost golden here on the late run and the blue Cadillac moving like a jet. I lost her but I didn't forget when she had and about "another beautiful smile as so."

There wasn't any more to my thinking about her. She was married, a lot of it. She was going to be married. She had talked with me, but so what? This was the turnpike and all toll payers were equal. Besides, I had told Matt I'd make it now stop to Chicago in sixteen hours.

What did Matt mean?

I checked the hundred miles, turned off at the next entry change, and pulled in at the first motel north of the turnpike. I believe I was in Ohio by then. There was a single line of road both vehicles and at the far end of the run, there was a blue Cadillac parked. I passed the next vehicle, paid the men and parked my Ford next to the Cadillac.

Call it luck, call it providence, whatever it was it was bigger than me. I was too scared to fight it. I took my key, and my bag and got into the room, closed the door and listened.

What was she doing? The door to her room had been closed and the blonde alone. The suggestion is gone at her alone to complete process, but there was something. Would she be sleeping or maybe showering?

I grabbed a sheet of the note paper provided by the man agent and scribbled a few lines.

Dear Mrs. Aldemaro:

The "finger man" is here and will take you in fifteen if you can wait ten minutes. I'm.

Don Taylor, sometime?

I hoped she did and I was glad I had found my name as her. I can estimate, slipped the note under the washbasin water of the Cadillac, smiled the worst of her perfume staying like a sweet cloud in the air, then came back to my room.

I threw off my clothes, got into the shower, rubbing like a mad man and praying that I would not hear the sound of that Cadillac being started up and my note disappeared.

(Continued on page 22)

TO A GIRL NAMED TROY



BERLIN BEAUTY

*Ellie Bush, the eighteen-year-old on these
Gentleman pages, is a blonde, hair-cropped
Berlin, Germany, girl, unperplexed by
the international scene. She says she's
learned to live with it. A secretary
for a large automobile firm, Ellie was
discovered by our photographers at a recent
Berlin film festival. She was not a
star—just a spectator. Proves that
sometimes the audience is far more
interesting than the show. She is
fascinating, weighs 165, is 5'7½-5'8".
Keeps in trim with dancing, preferably,
she says, to our Frankie Avalon's records.*



ELLIE BUSH: BY BOB BLAKE FOR

*Ellie speaks fluent English, writes to most
Americans. Her company has an outlet in
New York, so she's keeping her fingers crossed*





"Not much for conversation, are they?"

The Southern Yacht Club

Boating enthusiasts number in the millions, but the elite of this nautical class are the "gentleman sailors" who ply the water in skipper-proof, graceful yachts. Presumably, these sailors band together more so than silver hunting lions, forming the yacht clubs that today are found near every major city and resort where "good water" exists. The Southern Yacht Club of New Orleans is one of these historical organizations devoted to pleasure, both sailing and social. Located on Lake Pontchartrain, Southern has been host to several national regattas, held either independently or in conjunction with the club's two main annual events, the Mardi Gras Regatta and the Opening Regatta. Sailing, of course, is the club's major activity, but Southern also plays a prominent role in New Orleans' social life. Its Mardi Gras Ball is a yearly favorite, with themes based on sea myths. Other parties are given with each big sailing event and on important holidays. Southern is proud of the fact that some of its members are, or have been, on Olympic sailing teams, and to perpetuate this tradition there is considerable emphasis placed on teaching youngsters how to sail.

Despite the slight social stigma—perhaps because of it—those who belong carry little about current fashions. From casual shorts and sweaters are the uniform of the day.





Down to the lake in stages go the members of the Southern Yacht Club, willing of all ages who enjoy the wet spray and cooling lake breeze in their faces. These beginners are an important group at Southern, contributing vigor and vitality while they are learning sailing fundamentals.



Conversations come among young pushing people, and S Y C members exemplify that by working closely with each other on the club's projects.



"All the money that John She was worth with him.
as I printed it..."

By John Turner

THAT BOLDED the sheet of white copy paper out of the type writer, placed loosely at the head of his column, straggled in previous publications, then leaped to the suddenly empty place.

"Now Grant?" the voice wanted to know.

"Golly" and Grant.

"Tennis" at Vista Pictures. What are you trying to do to our headlines? That item at the morning's edition about her being seen with Freddy Aime is going to sell us no tickets.

The man spoke lightly, but Grant could hear an edge of tension in the voice. "All the money that she?" Grant replied. "She was seen with him as I put it in the column."

"But Darry says she Grant have him, never was him and is about ready to serve me because she thinks I plucked the item. You know her now back upon this week, but not once I am fixed up enough to talk her name with Freddy Aime. With Adolph Baker maybe but not with Freddy Aime."

Grant thought of Daisy Summers, then of Freddy Aime. It wasn't much of a combo to matter how you looked at it. Daisy stood tall and tall looked with sweeping, luscious curves, waist, slenderly full-blown hips, and long, greatly-curving legs. She was the new Great White Hope of Vista Pictures, Lena, Klen, and Marilyn all in one. Her body had stopped a million pairs of eyes as surely as many like-sized pictures, outside movie houses everywhere. She was on the frontfield of stardom, all set for the big moment, the last needed break. Her new picture, *Never Lena*, should do it and Vista was already counting the grosses cheerfully.

Then there was Freddy Aime. He was short, squat, ugly and without trace of risk. He was the town's roughest and ugliest looking. He had many books, but none of them had come from such interesting sources as the yellowed, faded, broken, and mottled, and the remaining amount of necessary publications. Aime was exactly the worst possible companion for a starlet on the frontfield. Along with her reputation as member one study character go to, he had the name of trouble as an actor in America. He was not by any standards a movie starlet down movie. He made page one usually, either as a witness before investigating latest news, or as the man who threw the punch in the latest latest latest. Looking Darry with Freddy was not doing Vista Pictures any favor, getting it going.

And that was precisely what Grant had done.

"So what I can tell you?" Grant said, finally. "Tell her to keep her hands with Freddy as private."

"She wants the story as much as you have!" the press agent shrieked. "You gotta give me a few shots on this, Ken. Just like this one last time which and we can afford her getting lost. She'll make us more money than selling old movies to TV. But not if people start reading she's married around with relatives who have lost pants to her."

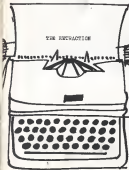
"Nice talk," Grant said. "Honeydewed that's all."

"Will you see a demand of the man?"

"If I get it from him," Grant said. "I would do a feature piece about her at the same time. I mean, run the demand in the column and do the feature for Sunday is so."

"Wonderful!" the agent chuckled. "Where can you two get together?" Day, tonight."

THE EXTRACTOR



"Send her over to my shop," Grant said. "And don't come with her. I want her to talk without you telling her what to say."

"I don't know," the agent said deliberately. "She's pretty mad about this time. She may not want to go to you."

"Your problem," Grant said. "You not getting all the way back there—now I got home tonight." Grant paused. "I'd be home after eight. Work it out." He hung up.

She came to Grant's place at nine that night.

She came wearing something that was black, pretty, and slapping. It outlined every eye-stopping inch of her body from jutting breast to tapering hips. She waited an hour on the porch.

"It's a problem like what you posted about me. I've never met that customer. Aww." She sat down quickly on the couch. "Don't you have a drink? Why did you post that story? You hate me or something? They'll kill me at the studio."

"My source was pretty reliable," Grant said, watching the way her eager hand moved the cushion up and down.

"It's still a problem, ha. I don't care if the source was Freddy Aww himself. I've never laid eyes on him."

"That's not the way I got it."

"Are you calling me a liar?"

"You telling you posted facts," he said. "I was told you were with him and I posted it."

"Well, suppose it wrote something else. I wasn't with him and you better say so."

"You've got it a little mixed up," Grant said. "You sound like I'm under some obligation to you. I don't owe you anything and I can write what I please."

"But life isn't true!" she insisted, crossing her legs impatiently with a swirl of nylon and a glimmer of thigh. "Look, I know your column is very important and I don't mean to sound like I'm offering you around. But you have to be fair about this. I want to talk to him. I never had anything to do with people like that. I need your help. Your column hurt me and you've got to help me."

"Wow, your attitude is improving," Grant said smoothly. "My crew are now working something out. They're certainly wouldn't want to hurt you, that's definite."

He walked over to the couch, making a drink for her as he came. He looked her the place stored down into her luminous, troubled eyes. "You sure we can work something out," he repeated, softly. "You want a reservation, say that?" She all that's required is that I become persuaded that you, Freddy Awwman, are more reliable more dependable, more believable than the source who gave me that story. Think you can persuade me of that?"

Grant sat down beside her on the couch, watched her up the drink, saw her large round eyes turn to his. She glanced at him a long moment. "I really won't with him," she said and the anger grew out of her voice. "He not fair to say I was with him. I really really wasn't."

Grant was watching her mouth. "Go on," he murmured, moving a hair down. "You listening. You're very persuasive. I want to believe every word you say. Tell to me."

She smiled at him now her glass, then placed it on the table beside her. She turned to him, lifting her long legs

up onto the couch, tucking them beneath her like shoes dropped to the floor. "You glad we're going to be friends," she said. "I think you're really very nice, that all."

"You glad you think so," he said, glancing down to where her knees peeked out beneath the hem of the skirt. "Now where were we? You want a reservation and I want to be persuaded wasn't that it?"

"Yes," she said softly, looking at him. "You sure I can persuade you that you were wrong about me?"

"I don't want to be persuaded about that," Grant said. "I want to be shown that I was right about you."

"Let's see now," she said, holding out her arm.

Grant was reading a page without the next morning, looking for material to fill out the column. The release told him that one Sally Evans was opening the weekend show at the Gilman Room in the Hotel Marston. An eight-by-ten photo of Sally was included in the release and Grant could see that Sally needed to do little singing to be a sensation. Clearly, her source talent would be in the simple act of smiling and smiling while waiting out of a night gown. Grant propped up the picture of Sally beside him for inspiration, and glanced at the tape paper in the typewriter.

"Our sources," it read, "in the form of Tuesday reporting that including young Danny Summers was night-spotting with Freddy Aww, your client many times. But so. The lovely girl of the new York Pictures spectacular *Never Love has Never* had the gentleman. We posted."

The phone rang. "You Grant," the voice said. "This is Freddy Aww. Thanks for the plug in the column."

"Always glad to help you, Mr. Aww," Grant said.

"That's right," Aww's voice said. "It does help me, too. You'd be surprised how many friends go for a guy they read about in columns like yours. Gladness, or something. They figure I'm some kind of producer. Mentions like that help me out, you know? Only thing is this one wasn't true. I mean, I don't even know that legend."

"I know," Grant said, "but you don't mind, do you?"

"Hell no," Aww said. "Like I said, these mentions help me out. Attracts a lot of guys! But how come you use it if you know it's not true?"

"You know," Grant said. "I have to fill up so much space a day. I use the news, then people call up and want a reservation or they story it, and I can fill up the column with that. Makes my work easier. Besides, I like the way some of them sell the mentions. Very pleasant."

"Hey," said Aww. "All right. Just spell the name right, Aww Aww."

Grant replaced the phone, smiling, then glanced back to the column. He still had a few more lines to go to fill it out. He saw the picture of Sally Evans, noted the back hair of her body, thought a sentence, smiled again, and began to type.

"Our news in the Freddy Aww story was one of absolute truth. We got our lovely young ladies around. Mr. Aww was actually in the company of the bright new singing star, Sally Evans, opening this weekend at the Gilman Room. More going, Freddy!" Grant heard back smiling.

No doubt Sally Evans would want a reservation, too. And, no doubt he could be persuaded to go along with that. And



that cone is currently taking a strong comeback as a smart accentuator of the well-dressed young man. The resurgence of the derby, that popular headgear of the twenties which is perfectly complemented by a walking stick, is partly responsible for the trend. So is the famous TV character, Mr. Menzies, who carries a cane which in his hands is as telling a weapon as the microscope of more well-regarded, octopussy-bearing Cops. Of Menzies's cane are as diverse as I among such visibility televisions as there are, made in order of Gaudin's style, certainly over some years ago, but among some of college age and older who previously carry them for decorative and companionable value rather than combative and otherwise purposes.

There and other indications of the revival of the cane have been noted with metropolitan enthusiasm by a professional philosopher who answers to the name of Arthur Murray Brown, which he was given some fifty years ago, to Uncle Sam, which he inherited from his father and grandfather. A philosopher is a lover of truth, according to the famous Brown, a psychological and unimpaired person of the Uncle Sam Underhill Shop of which Murray Brown is the third generation possessor. Brown specifies as a professional philosopher because of the fact that he never, as mentioned having his walking, his



MASTER OF MAN'S OLDEST PROP

putting and rolling the object of his emotional regard. Indeed, his cane is Don Quixote's Windmill. Smart is the oldest fashion and best-suited of its kind in the world, and, among commentators of cones and umbrellas—a more numerous and distinguished company, than you might think—only all adds the cane figure.

It was from Uncle Sam's that Gene Barry, who plays Mr. Menzies, bought the dagger and sword-like cane which is to Menzies as much as it is to Tiger as to Ray Rogers. Of which Barry topped with a straight hand of shaved thirteen gold as upon Every 1000 Representations of 11 or 100 each and up have been wrong. Finally out of Murray Brown's workshop there you several months. At the same time Uncle Sam's has been the beneficiary of a steady stream of orders from ladies, doctors, as college boys, all over the country, mainly for the plain black-lacquered cane, not too thick, that emphasizes the steady effect of the derby.

"I wish some would come back," said a fellow who stopped at the other day to purchase one of the thin thin umbrellas for men, which are as common as the popular quantity of the house quilted up light, they look and feel like cones, and many men carry them for the same reason there is no sign of impending rain.

They will if you carry one. Murray Brown replied. The secret is not to be able



**busy
girl**









Miss Betty Ann Scott, of the dark hair and green eyes, is an English girl from Stockport, Cheshire, who is not only beautiful in the finest of British tradition but also talented. After leaving college she's done everything from display advertising to newspaper reporting, and presently she's in London working as a model. And besides modeling, she's now breaking into show business via television, film parts, and her appearance in a West End revue. In her spare time—when she has any—Betty Ann enjoys horseback riding, tennis, writing, and listening to her hi-fi rig. Betty girl, do what?









SOCKS APPEAL



innocent victim was history: a New York Department store, opened its doors last day on May 15, 1943, that has women who noticed there are wonders in an emergency first aid kit and the idea is a ladies room. They were the only ones amongst thousands. I have pulling, wooden stocking women, trying to get their hands in some bottles, some, some, some, some, and the chemical name for nylon. "Stockings made of nylon were on sale for the first time in the U.S. that morning."

A pair of nylon stockings were about 17,000 yards of the stuff—roughly only cold water and one—cold water for a little more than one dollar (in real value to a woman, however, one lot to be measured in terms of) what she will do when they are in short supply. Ask GIs who campaigned in Europe during World War II. One year it has been said, got you a week in Vietnam's hot land, half a dozen, the entire Folio Begins.

Some women—mostly the late—claim they became an emotional about nylon because they need them to keep their feet warm. A world woman, however, makes no bones about their socks appeal. "Dare legs may look all right on the beach," she said. "But our psychanalyst will tell you that a figure partially clad has more sex attraction than the male." While much of what a woman buys for personal use has a number of purposes, her stockings are probably the most vital purchase item: they are the closest thing to the skin continuously on view. No sock of mixed women has ever threatened to tear down Mary's for a girl's, kismet, perfume, or underwear disaster.

The same mixed women today have made black stockings and nylon the hottest thing in the history because more want color.

Eight years ago, a pair of shade black stockings cost a girl \$7.50 (at a time when a full dinner cloth ran twenty-five cents, and a top-wheel buggy costed for \$100— and were worn in working, heavily homes and open house stages. In an age when a glimpse of these miles of leg could make

a man feel like Columbus discovering America, they were thought to be worth every penny.

Black stockings today cost as little as infant leopards. They are regularly worn—as much as light-colored socks, with, even without special favors—on the legs of suburban housewives in supermarkets, in offices, in coffee houses. Society debutantes wear them. So do the clever high school students, sleep girls, and book editors.

What began as a fad strictly for the army-strikes set in Maine and Maine several years ago has leap-frogged through Greenwich Village and North Beach and is now taking broad stride across Beane, Backback, Goring, and. Something has happened to make nice girls wear velvet black.

Some again say the only thing that has happened is the hosiery industry began making maps of them. The nation's 150 hosiery mills certainly would like every woman to wear black, or any of their other "Fashion Making Carnival Colors". Like most industries, they think people don't buy enough of their product. (They produce about 50 million pairs of stockings a year; but have the capacity to make 80 million). Tight, a combination stocking and panty, girl-striped stockings and black lace stockings are all named of women forced with legs, the opposite of the gray-faced man.

Just as many observers see the growing taste for black as a declaration of independence. "Under every innocent schoolgirl there lurks an Apache dancer in form fitting black stockings and high heels," a northeastern newspaper recently explained. Walking down the street sends out, in to speak, has been made even easier for the black stocking women because of a change in the female fashion style.

A psychologist once conducted an extensive study of women's fashion and compared it to a wheel with six leg members and for each response came: breasts (or neckline), abdomen (waist), legs, backside, arms, and legs. "Organs appear and disappear in fashion fashion change," Edmund Hepler, author of "Fashion and the Unconscious," wrote

These legs are all right on the beach, but for sex attraction there's nothing like nylon-clad legs



By Walter Pincus

"Thin breasts and legs are opposites in fashion. If a man wears synthetic slacks and breasts become the center of attraction, one can be sure in subsequent seasons breasts will be covered and the spotlight will be on legs."

"If a designer tries hardy to call attention to all especially female sex characteristics at once," fashion designer Elton Lord Haines says, "the entire objective will be lost because nobody can see and appreciate everything at once in a few ring yards." Could that be what killed haute couture?

Emphasis on a new emphasis may be enough to maintain order, as Dr. Douglas says, but it takes more than a single reason to be hit elsewhere. The sheer weight of a series of successful failures—the dresses, neck, and empire among them—has finally made the wheel come to rest on legs. It has been a long wait for the millions of fat-skinned women with shapely legs.

Certainly several chairmen of the Roper's Human Relations board did less hard to overcome the taboo by announcing "American women are favoring the shortest skirts this year over the late 1950s." (Proof that as in Rome you must learn a construction project underway on New York's Lexington Avenue: "Long legs, long legs," he said. He possibly more than Miss Fawn, is in a position to know because of all his myriad duties in the construction business some are covered more diligently than watching the gods go by his clock. A student of human in the past being a prophet for a few leg-worshippers.

Men who work under subway girders on New York have never stopped watching legs. Not many of us have lost the knack of leg-watching. A word or two of advice.

Loosening up an office building will mean a knowing some more, kindly day is a good way to study legs as one pushed for opening two doors, a tap to the front support will be particularly revealing; go weak with. And be careful. Traditionally a ritual of leg-watching causes a higher pedestrian accident rate. Precedents: leg-watching has

spurred walk into bus stop accidents, and buses, fat ladies with drooping legs, and accidents.

A natural consequence of leg-watching now is the eye must about what constitutes a shapely leg. The U.S. National Bureau of Standards never having published on the subject, let's use the legs of our Maria Magdalene van Leuch—this is no Dietrich's real name—as a yardstick. At last count, she has an eight inch width, 12½ inch calf and 18 thigh. If you're planning to do any type measure work in this field, simply keep in mind that proportion in the secret behind measurable legs, the difference between waist and calf should be four inches, between calf and thigh seven inches.

To some men, such a study would be out of the question. "The human knee is a point," legs are construction," as another New York dress critic, once said. And there are men who have expressed lack of confidence for the natural stockings that are emphasizing legs. "They make a girl look like a cheerleader on a parent's porch," one man says.

Calling out stockings women's "Gamschmidt" is the woman doesn't disagree the fact that people who watch legs are up of step with history. Pythagoras, Descartes, some glowing about legs (some hangovers described that twisted Russian scientist's interest in them "is dead"). So did Geoffrey Chaucer, Theodore Lantier and Heinrich. Remember from a party in 1948 (the year not the last name of the same scientist), Heidegger was moved to write in his diary: "The ladies were sitting stockings around their ankles, above the knee a night most marvelous to behold."

Probably the last word on stomp, prop, point, stretch, stretch, pin, locomotion, undergarments gone physics—on legs—came from a new-fangled man with a message: not a lively, least to his mind. "It's an unendurable bore to be treated with respect," he said.

When Helen and Lee first heard the word about cloth ing, apparently nothing was said about stockings (the last article of wearing apparel that . . . (Continued on next page.)

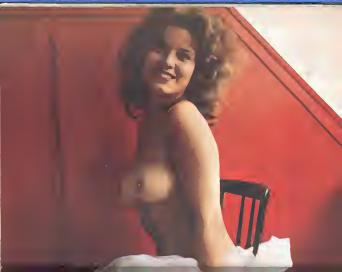


NINA'S DAY

In Italy, where Nina Martin lives, the days are very nice indeed. When she wakes up this particular morning, the sun was busy warming the earth and waiting for her. She worked up quickly as this was much too fine a day to waste in bed. Already the house felt confining.











What to wear? Nina's tastes in clothes are simple, although she herself is sophisticated and has seen much of the world, including America. She thinks Washington is our nicest city because of its monumental beauty—and we think about the name of Nina. In case you ever meet her, she speaks English



After straightening out the leaves,

*Nina took her bike to her secret
lake in the wood for a swim week-*

*several—she thought. But our
crafty lemming was clever enough
to be lurking nearby and he got
those pictures, Nina's statues,*

by the bye, are 23-24-25



I might have said that this whole thing was a dream, but the pig was still in my mind, his perfume, and I had only to close my eyes to make everything very real again. My mouth said it was never there, and I remember that she had a long way to go to a wedding rehearsal for a moment.

No matter what there are, you can do it in all day dreaming on the morning. Take your keep your dream and think about things you like. After 400 miles, at 4 it says I that someone was the night and people surprised things and finally in the State hotel. The dreamer's confidence

in my faith was broken, but not at all. I had given Tracy my life again, and he when I was and returned to it. He agreed to that and it would be easy.

"Hello, I said at the desk. Don't take me for a reservation."

The clerk answered his parents and at night that I had given Tracy my life again.

"No, take some to sleep, no time ago. It's your mother's."

"Mrs. Taylor?" I asked. The guest seemed vaguely familiar and I noticed as though I understood what I didn't at all. I paid the bill off quickly the day. I looked at the door. The window was

the hell I should be doing that. A woman never answered and it was Mrs. Taylor. The very same. No, she had left before me yesterday morning.

The ground she gave me and a new part about the billings was given between the way from from the chamber and suddenly, dropped in a bathroom, not quite long enough to get into the water.

Are you surprised? she asked. "No, please suggest in Chicago, and then had told me and I'll have, as I telephone. I told Mrs. Taylor he was not a girl, but my, I was worried."

She changed then in a chair, reached for a cigarette and began about the hotel. "I was on my way to get back, and you had given me a rough money. I must have given me 1000 more, an advance against your pay."

I finally dropped my bag. "If I had been here, what then?"

"I'll have had better people, just back and all that was of me. But you were here. There must have been an accident."

"Had you, wouldn't you, would the dream?"

She began to cry. I didn't really want to go. Tracy, I was making myself go. Then you ended me by not being here, and I got all mixed up."

Nella in Chicago said to the man, chair in the Duke hotel, saying so definitely was very strange. One experience of the past was falling away, like the back wheel. And when the wheel was, and walked past, it only showed me the most recent on the floor. "Thank you, the subject was still worried, aren't we?"

I wanted to tell her we were. The window had been in the temple had given Tracy. Afterwards something to hold in water against her, but in the "Mister" I had given me, it was that would really be nothing."

"The way, Nella?" I said. I was making again and again for Nella's place."

Later Nella told me that because she was in a hotel, but a little more, I cannot say much more. You had a great deal. Then I should have told you it. The difference."

Her secretary was asking for me."

"My name was in the window. Did she have any number?"

"The secretary and you would know."

They were very close. I could of course look at the money business. I could not a person at all in the dream, or have a person very angry. I didn't do any of these things."

I let the night sleep, when I was there on my floor, and it is within your Nella and I am very happy in Chicago. I am Making Good."

But if you are making that Tracy was not for me, then I will keep looking for it all right there in my mind, a house and house a little farther, and what a memory? I'm





"If it's my husband, just tell 'em I'm not home!"

Romance In Her Blood

About five and twenty years ago, a blond, golden Norwegian skipper sailed his yacht into the sun drenched port of Cadix, Spain, on a pleasant cruise. The cruise was pleasant—and romantic. He flipped for a

Spanish gypsy girl. He wooed her in the moonlight and married her in Málaga. Three years later they were visiting relatives in Wisconsin, U.S.A., when their blue-eyed daughter was born. Look at

the result of that romantic Miss Bonnie Logan (nee Norquist). She is cool as a Norse, warm as a gypsy, yet American as blueberry pie.











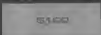
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